

THE MOUNTAINEER.

"DO WHAT IS RIGHT, LET THE CONSEQUENCE FOLLOW!"

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Original Poetry.

THE REBELLION OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

Carolina is out for dinner.

With Yankee, brass checks, and those

Old Daniel once said for the wonder:

He thought that the last days were near;

But left all his queries, and thunders,

For guessing the time they'd appear.

So now doth Car' for cotton,

Tobacco, and sugar, and rice;

And split the old tree that is rotten,

With never a thank for the deed.

The Union! What Union! Three millions

That Washington lost as but one;

With stationers, mechanics, civilians,

And reason as bright as the sun.

But God, in his anger, hath spoken,

"The North and the South shall dissolve;

And all the great nations, in token,

Will split as, as time doth resolve.

Not long, and the negroes will march,

And Sambo at war with a dance;

Then Ephraim, almighty, not pitiful,

Will use up the nation at once.

"Consumption decreed," though appalling,

Will waste all the nation—no odds,

"Till Babylon is fallen—its fallen!"

All kingdoms are worthless, but God's.

A STRANGE MAN.

Selections.

SALT EATING.

Mr. H. L. Hastings has written a

lengthy article, under the above heading,

in the *World's Crisis*. The following are

extracts:

"Salt is good." Yes, no doubt; but to

find out *where* and *when* it is good, and

what it is good *for*, is another question.

Is salt good for medicine? So some say.

It may be used as an emetic—a spoonful

of salt and water, it is said, will rouse

a child at once. If so, we are apt to suppose

an emetic is rejected by the stomach

because it is not fit to be retained in it.

So the stomach turns itself wrong side out

to empty an interloper out of doors.

Is salt good for food? Doubtful, I

think. Whatever is salt can be eaten as

food. Who eats salt alone? Now and

then some little girls go to the salt-box

and get a lump and eat it; but another

will not eat salt alone, and another

craves another's salt, and another

craves another's salt, and another

gets up a fire and calls for a bucket of

"water, water, water!" till at last every

grain of it is washed out of you, as far as

possible.

But food does not taste good without

salt. Did you ever try it? Doubtful.

Any taste may be acquired. I like my

food without salt as well as you do yours

with it. Taste is a matter of culture.

"The Indians," says Cotton Mather, "had

not a grain of salt, I think, till we be-

stowed it on them. They ate their food

unseasoned, and were very healthy."

"But cattle and deer eat salt." Some do,

and boats do not. I have seen cows chew

an old bone for hours, and run with it in

their mouths to keep others from getting

it. I do not know as it is good for food

at that account, is it? *

Let us trace the progress of salt in the

human system as an article of food, or

rather as a condiment. If you cut your

hand, or have raw flesh from any cause,

different things affect it differently. Drop

water on it, or oil, or milk, and how it is

soothed; but put on salt or brine—"how

it smart!" Salt, then, is an irritant,

most clearly. Now, let us follow its

course:

1. Taken into the mouth, it touches the

tongue. If there is a sore in the mouth,

it smart; if not, there is a pungent taste

as it dissolves. Now, if your tongue has

been heated with peppers, spices and con-

diments, and scalded three times a day

with hot tea, coffee, &c., till the covering

is tough as leather, and the nervous sen-

sations are blunted, salt tastes very good,

though at once there is an increase of

saliva, as if to flood the interloper out.

2. With this salivary flow, it floats

down the throat, and men fling a glass of

water after it to keep it from stopping by

the way. Still it sticks about the throat

and glands, setting them on fire with

fever, and provoking the constant cry—

"Water, water."

3. It gets into the stomach; a pungent,

fiery stimulant, mixed all up with the

food. The stomach feels it, and smart,

and says, "What's this? Fire! fire! wa-

ter! water! We must flood this stuff out

of the food. "Mac the pump!" "Mo-

ther, I want some water!" says the little

child. "Please give me a drink of water,

I'm so dry." "I don't know what makes

me so thirsty," says another child. Grand-

ma pushes up her "spec" on her forehead,

and says, "Do not drink too much cold

water. I guess you have been eating salt

fish!" So water runs in cooling streams

down the hissing throats of salt eaters.

Persons who do not use salt never feel

burning thirst, and never think of drink-

ing water, as others do who eat salt.

4. By this time, the food is digested,

the salt dissolved, and so it is set afloat

through the various channels to run its

race. The chyle becomes chyle, and the

chyle, blood, and the salt becomes salt, as

it always was. Then it is pumped all over

the system; started along the delicate

tissues, pushed through every fibre of the

body, and irritates the body. The absorp-

tion says, "We want salt, but not such

masses of salt; what can we do with that?

We cannot make nerves or tissues of it.

We cannot make fire of it to heat the rest

up with. Out of the house, you useless

mineral!" Well, the blood boils up, the

house gets heated—more water is wanted,

and so everything is out of joint. The

man is feverish, chafed, and nervous.

5. The excretory organs say, "We'll

put that salt out of doors." So they go

out with it might and main. Let us see

how they work.

The skin. Here most of it goes. Ten

thousand little canals lead to the surface

laden with fifth, deced and salt. Out it

comes—the light waxen dot. "Out! out!

you interloper!" and out the salt comes

all over the body. The man gets warm. He

sweats. Touch your tongue to his body,

what's there? Salt; just the same sub-

stance you took in your mouth comes out

on your skin, burning, pungent, fiery salt.

Is salt and water good for a wash? Will

it make a smooth skin? Does it do your

skin any good?

By and by you cry with grief or pain,

what do you weep? Hence, salt brine,

nothing else.

It passes off, no doubt, in the evacua-

tions of the bowels. You have bowels

irrigated, cathartised and scourged by it,

till they come to be dull and torpid,

and then come chronic constipation, that

will stick by you, perhaps, till some one

persuades you to let salt alone, and then

you will probably choke over it.

One other great channel is through the

urinary organs. You eat salt. It is dis-

solved. It passes through the kidneys,

burning and inflaming in its course. You

have kidney complaint after you have

poured a stream of hot salt brine through

them for forty years.—*Love of Life.*

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

This following affecting narrative pur-

ports to have been given by a father to

his son, as warning derived from his own

bitter experience of grieving and resisting

a mother's love and counsel:

What agony was visible on my mother's

face, when she saw that all she said

and suffered failed to move me! She rose

to go home, and I followed at a distance.

She spoke no more to me till she reached

her own door.

"It is school time, now," said she. "Go,

my son, and once more let me beseech you

to think upon what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.

She looked astonished at my boldness,

but replied firmly, "Certainly you will go,

Alfred; I command you."

"I will not," said I, in a tone of de-

ference.

"One of two things you must do, Al-

fred—either go to school this morning, or

I will lock you in your room, and keep

you there until you are ready to promise

implicit obedience to my wishes in the fu-

ture."

"I dare you to do it; you can't get me

up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother,

who laid her hand upon my arm. She

trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I'll kick you," said I,

in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not

what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No," I replied, but quailed beneath

her eye.

"Then follow me," she said, as she

grasped my arm firmly.

I raised my foot, oh, my son, hear me!

I raised my foot, and kicked her—my

mother! How my head reels as I

lie back, my mother, a feeble woman—my

mother! She staggered back a few steps,

and leaped against the wall. She did not

look at me; I saw her heart beat against

her breast.

"Oh, Heavenly Father," she said, "for-

give him, he knows not what he does!"

The gardener just then passed the door,

and seeing my mother pale, and hardly

able to support herself, he stopped. She

beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him

in his room," said she, and turned from

me. Looking back as she was entering

her room, she gave such a look of agony,

mingled with the most intense love!—it

was the last unutterable pang from a heart

that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner

in my own room. I thought for a moment

I would fling myself from the open win-

dow, and dash my brains out, but I felt

afraid to do it. I was not penitent. At

times my heart was subdued; but my

stubborn pride rose in an instant, and

made me not yield. The pale face of my

mother haunted me. I flung myself in

bed and fell asleep. Just at twilight I

heard a footstep approaching the door.

It was my sister.

"What may I tell my mother for you?"

she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, for all our

sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs

to forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her foot-

steps slowly retreating, and again I threw

myself on the bed, to pass another wretch-

ed and fearful night.

Another footstep, slower and feebler

than my sister's, disturbed me. A voice

called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, shall I come?" she

asked.

I cannot tell what influence, operating

at that moment, made me speak adverse

to my feeling. The gentle voice of my

mother thrilled through me, and melted

the ice of my obdurate heart, and I long-

ed to throw myself on her neck, but I did

not. But my words gave the lie to my

heart when I said I was not sorry. I

heard her withdraw. I heard her groan.

I longed to call her back, but did not.

I was awoken from my uneasy slum-

ber, by hearing my name called loudly,

and my sister stood at my bedside.

"Get up, Alfred. Oh, don't wait a

minute! Get up, and come with me.

My mother is dying."

I thought I was dreaming, but I got

up, full of melancholy, and followed my

sister. On the bed, and cold as marble,

lay my mother. She was not undressed.

She had thrown herself on the bed to rest;

arising to go again to me, she was seized

with a palpitation of the heart, and borne

senseless to her room.